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The Crux

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I'm not really understanding some things about religion, and I'm hoping that someone will clear them up for me.

I have met Christians who say that anyone who doesn't accept Jesus Christ as their lord and savior will go to Hell. Someone I knew once told me that when she saw a room full of Jews, she felt sorry for them, because they are d'mised. And the Jews see Christians like teenage guys see Britney Spears fans.

So we have a bunch of religions that think all of the other religions are stupid, and all of these people are in their specific religions because their parents are already members (this is omitting the small percentage that convert to annoy their parents).

First of all, your whole belief system is based on the arbitrary factors of what part of the world you live in, and whose roof you grew up under. Now, this sort of makes sense, because most of what we think is determined by what our parents told us when we were soft and pliable. On the other hand, just because believing your parents is common, that doesn't mean it's acceptable. You have to consider the very likely possibility that your parents don't know what the hell they're talking about. I know mine don't. I'm all like, d'Dad, why can't I have a nail gun? And he's like, d'Don't you have homework? Well, screw that, I know I'm going to think for myself.

Second of all, even if you do decide to participate in your randomly chosen religion, pray to your randomly chosen god, and eat your weird randomly chosen food, shouldn't you give some respect to the fact that it's a tad self-serving to believe that everyone else is going to Hell? If only they were brought up in such a great house like yours they would be saved, but since they didn't reject their parents' beliefs, they're going to Hell? Even though their situation is exactly the same as yours, but just in a different random location? Having fired that spray of vicious little darts, I would now like to acknowledge the fact that a lot of religious people don't think that everyone else is going to Hell (Christians have a bad reputation for that), and I don't really want to assault these people. I mean, if you don't think you're any better than everyone else, then I don't see your values as destructive.

For those of you who have been changed by

Most people don't even think about how they really feel. When I realized that, things started to look really hopeless, because I used to think that they could open up if they wanted to. Now I know that they are stuck with their heads in their shells. And why not? High school is abrasive all by itself, not to mention having crazy parents to come home to.

There are two kinds of zombies at our school, and the difference between them lies in their methods of maintaining their protective layer of denial. One type, the type that is worse at lying, has a very short attention span. This is the only effective way for these people to keep themselves from thinking, because there's no way for them to not acknowledge what they see. So instead of lying to themselves about things, they just change the channel. These people like to pretend they feel pleasant all the time, and just as long as they keep flipping through channels, they never have to stop and think about anything.

Unfortunately, these people often attract losers who are overcome with feelings of stardom when the channel surfer zombie is thinking about them. The zombie focuses intensely on the loser for up to five minutes, and then must move on and forget the whole interaction. Otherwise, the whole teetering self-deceptive mindset would crash and fall apart.

The other zombie is impossibly frustrating, because their attention span suffers no reduction. They are more like mummies, actually, because they are so tightly and seamlessly wrapped up in their own version of reality. Mummies attract each other, because they know about the unspoken rule which dictates that nothing heartfelt must ever be said. The heart is under the toilet paper costume, but so is the pain, so it's better to fake it.

There are also humans, of course. They are defined as anyone who agrees with everything I say (that includes me).

The problem with humans being friends with mummies is that if a human gets too close to a mummy, the human can see that the mummy's wrapping isn't very seamless at all. The mummy can be attracted to or repelled by the human's perceptiveness (usually both). However, no mummy would like a human to apply his or her perceptiveness, or to expect perceptiveness from the mummy. Either pointing out emotion in or expecting emotion from a mummy threatens the integrity of the fake reality (the toilet paper), and the mummy will do anything to defend itself.

I myself recently had an unfortunate encounter

these last few paragraphs, and feel free to believe whatever you want, I recommend that you immediately switch to Christianity. If you aren't attached to Islam or Judaism, there's no sense in being a Muslim or a Jew on purpose. You'll just end up in some camp or other.

For those of you who think I'm an idiot who's going to hell—well, you're going to hell, too. I'll see you there at 7:45 tomorrow morning. While we're on the topic, I'd like to take this time to express how beaten down I feel by school.

It's like being surrounded by zombies, except for the part where they try to eat you. Except for the kids who do try to eat you. Except for kids who just look like zombies when they eat regular food that isn't people. I just meant to illustrate the zombie-like mindlessness of everyone.

I'm a people person. I used to sit in my classes, and eagerly scan the eyes of the other people in the room, and try to guess at what they think about at night. Or how they feel. I'm always thinking about things at night, and I used to wonder what everyone else thinks. But now I know. They don't.

with a girl zombie. Thinking she was human, I allowed myself to become her acquaintance. Unfortunately, the other day she passed me in the hall and said, "How are you?" without pausing to hear my answer.

Before she could move on to her next victim, I quickly knocked her head off with a field hockey stick, reminding myself to keep it well separated from her body, lest she recover.

Teachers that only lecture and don't appreciate student participation are the attention span zombies. Teachers that pretend to be happy when they're really miserable, and who read papers carefully but grade according to their own misguided and defensive version of the world are mummies. The handful of teachers who are humans are smart enough to never tell anyone. I guess what I'm trying to say is this: If you're lying in your bed with your legs curled up, staring at the ceiling, and you want another intellectual, loving mind to interact with, I want you to know that I'm not curled up and imagining a happier world like you. I offer no empathy.

You're still searching for a real connection in life, where as I've already found one: throwing darts at pictures of people I know.

Three Important Things to Think About

1. I hear some people think The Crux is too personal. I'm happy to inform you that issue #8 is all about my rash.
2. Send a 500 word essay and a photo to enter the "Win a Date With the Crux Editor" Sweepstakes!
3. A friend of mine said, "If you are a man touching another man, and you aren't trying to hurt him, then you are gay."